

# The Pocahontas Times.

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## THE POAGE RELATIONSHIP

This article consists of extracts from a letter written by a distinguished lady of Washington city. It is dated October 17, 1911.

"Rev. Wm. T. Price:

"My dear sir—Yesterday I had the pleasure of reading your sketches of Pocahontas county. It was the first time that it had been brought to my attention and having a great fondness for genealogy, particularly for everything to that large family—the Poagues—which family has given so many modest, unostentatious great men to this country. I found great pleasure in perusing it. I have heard it said on good authority too, I believe, that the Poague family have given more ministers to the churches in the United States than any other one family in the U. S. I can truly think so, the more I search into the records. The mentioning of two brothers, Robert and John Poague, having settled about the same time, 1740, in Augusta county, Virginia, is new to me. My grandfather, Lindsey Poague, who was the finest ancient, mediaeval and modern historian that I have ever had the pleasure and good fortune to know, has related much to me concerning his great grandfather Robert Poague and family in Augusta county, Virginia; but he never spoke of Robert having a brother there. As I have spelled the name, he stated, was the correct original spelling of it by his great grandfather in Augusta county, Virginia. But that in coming into Kentucky; some of the families spelled it by dropping the "a" and others by dropping the "u" thus the two modes of spelling the name. His grandfather, William Poague, the son of Robert Poague, spelled it according to the Irish way "Pogue,"

which means "Kiss."

He also told me that the name originated in the Highlands of Scotland, where implements being scarce, they cleared the land by pulling the young oaks, and for that reason they were called "Pill-locks," changing to "Pollock," then again to "Polk," again to "Poge." Stokes-Poge burying ground which Gray made famous in his "Elegy" was a property of these two families Stokes and Poge at an early day.

William Pogue, the pioneer of Kentucky, in 1775, just seventeen days after Daniel Boone arrived at Boonesboro Fort with his family, was my great-great grandfather. William Pogue, son of Robert Poague of Augusta county, Virginia, removed with his family to Harrodsburg Fort in the Spring of 1776. I note in the Virginia accounts that little mention is made of this great man, who in his modest, unostentatious way, was one of the great men of Kentucky. He made the wood of the first plow that turned the virgin soil of that grand of commonwealth, assisted in making the old Fort at Harrodsburg, as you know from Collin's history, and Smith's history of Kentucky. He did Revolutionary service as did also his twelve year old son, Robert Pogue, my great grandfather, who likewise, commanded a brigade in the war of 1812. William Lindsey Pogue, Gen. Robert Pogue's son, was my grandfather, a prominent lawyer, pigiron manufacturer and landowner. I think I am safe in saying that no Pogue surpassed him in native intellect education. He was a graduate of Old Transylvania College at Lexington, Ky., and he told me that not considering the course in Latin sufficient in the curriculum of that college, he took up various other books and studied them alone. He

was undoubtedly the best educated Pogue of his time. I very much doubt if he had a peer in the intellectual attainments. He died at the age of 87 years, in the old Brick House built by Robert Pogue, at Bellefonte Furnace, which furnace once belonged to him. He had never used glasses, though a great student all his life. An aunt of mine once asked him, "Mr. Pogue to what do you attribute your good eyesight?" He replied, "To the fact that I have never used them by artificial light." As soon as the sun and birds rose, he was up, and when the sun set he rested his eyes from all printed matter. He inherited the mechanical and mathematical turn of mind from his great grandfather, William Pogue, the Kentucky pioneer, as well as the remarkable memory of his mother, Jean Hopkins Pogue, daughter of Jean Gordon Hopkins, wife of John Hopkins, Rockingham county, Virginia, a pioneer and Revolutionary soldier of that great Virginia county.

## HUNTERSNIPE

Corn husking is the order of the day and the yield is considerably better than has been anticipated.

Rev. O. P. McNeil and Rev. Walter Grimes were on Beaver Creek last Saturday and Sunday attending quarterly conference.

Rev. William N. Moore, a minister of the U. B. Church, passed through town Monday.

The teachers' district institute held here Friday of last week was a decided success. Several teachers were present and gave splendid talks on the various subjects assigned to them.

We see quite a number of young men tramping around with guns in the attitude of hunters, but never with any game. We take it for granted that they are just trying to show their appreciation of the wonderful liberality our legislators in allowing them the privilege of hunting a few days in the fall.

The most of the young people of the town attended the masquerade at H. M. Lockridge's Tuesday night and report a fine time.

## THE TORTURING HOUR

The hell within him.—Paradise Lost, Book IV, line 20.

I was standing at the gateway of West Virginia, and that is a place of ingress and egress, called Cumberland. It is a dirty, busy, bustling, puffing little city in the western part of Maryland. The most important town in the tatter that forms the western part of that great state.

To the south towers a great mountain as level as a ridge pole for many miles but showing a narrow gap accurately chisled to the foot of the mountain. Through this gap flows the Potomac and two great railways, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Western Maryland emerge from West Virginia, and of all the portals of our mountain and river guarded State, this should be considered the front door.

There camping on our door step is this sturdy beggar of a city called Cumberland ready to take West Virginia money, quid pro quo, giving something of equal value in return, or equally ready to take from the unwary visitor whose money burns in his pocket, the price of repentance.

They know all about Durbin in Cumberland for Durbin is the other end of the long run on the Western Maryland railroad, one hundred and sixty long crooked miles. So the citizen of Durbin, like the man from London or New York City, simply registers.

"Durbin," at the hotel, while the wayfarer from Marlinton thinks it mete to add the name of the State to make it more satisfactory.

Banks in this county are constantly shipping currency into the county, month by month, to meet the pay rolls, and never in any normal condition do they ship currency out of the county, though the wealth of the county has grown

immensely in the past ten years. The reason of this is that the husky woodsmen when he gets his socks full of greenbacks, hikes out for Cumberland for a good time, and he finds it waiting there for him.

There are such places as Brother McDonald Clarke remarks:

"Ha! see where the wild-blazing Grog-Shop appears,

As the red waves of wretchedness swell

How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years

The horrible Light-House of Hell."

And he goes to them with a thirst which has been ready to burgeon since first he commenced by hard labor to accumulate a large enough fortune to return and take up life where he left off on his last visit. And I do not refer to the cheap skate who can be robbed of his insignificant weekly paycheck before he has time to cash it in by local talent in the woods. I refer to the traveled man who is the standby of the company and who leaves his winnings with the company and takes a vacation and who can be tracked by the quarters which he drops.

You have to get up early to get that Western Maryland train home. It leaves promptly at seven o'clock and the hotels at Cumberland are always so overcrowded that you really do not feel like trespassing on their kindness another single, solitary day; so the traveler, when home his footsteps he has turned, is apt to be found waiting at the station in ample time before seven o'clock. He is apt to be clamoring for a ticket when the agent who is not at all excited over your leaving is opening the window to sell tickets.

In the crowd of Italian laborers and roustabouts and prominent people, I saw him come. He was

big and woody looking. Flannel shirt and mustache of the anti-Spanish war period. The kind of gent who jerks logs about for a pastime. He looked as healthy and strong as a pennyroyal bull and if ever I saw a genuine wood hick from where the skies are blue and the heart is true, where we live at in fact, here he was. I recognized him as a member of the tribe to which I belong and which lives pretty well up to the head of the waters.

This Dacian gentleman with a high barbarian air was vainly trying to dispose of a pocket knife to the hoi polloi for the sum of fifty cents, and these poor specimens who looked as if they might live by barter and trade, and who probably never slept on the ground in their lives, would not buy, though the train was almost ready to leave.

I would have liked it better if he had recognized me by my woolly woodland air and asked for a temporary advancement to get home on, even as you and I, but he did not take much stock in me. Seeing that he was temporarily embarrassed, I handed him fifty cents as he passed and got the knife. He seemed to be immensely grateful for so small a service and blurted out: "You are a gentleman, sir."

"Well," I said, "so are you, and I think one gentleman ought to come to the relief of another gentleman, and if you care to keep the knife, you can send me the money any time it is convenient."

But he would not do it. He hurriedly explained that he had come to this town day before yesterday with plenty of money but it had all got away from him some way or other and now all he wanted was to get away and get back to West Virginia, where he had important business.

And so we parted with mutual esteem on both sides, I hope and think. I told a friend about it on the train later in the day and he seemed somewhat amused at my bargain in knives, but judgment fell on him very shortly, for before he got home he had to advance \$3.70 to an acquaintance to

get a suit case out of hock.

Edward Stewart White has a book about the lumber business called "The Rules of the Game," which is all about the band and circular sawmills, and the office and the boarding house, and getting to work before daylight, and driving logs in white water, and riding logs through the rapids, and he has seen these things as they are and gives a good exposition of them. He has one character by the name of roaring Dick Darrell, who just naturally had to go off to town to get drunk, and he would not quit any spree until he had "smashed a rig." He would go to the livery stable and hire a horse and buggy and would throw away the reins, and take a wild ride, whipping the horse, until he had smashed his rig. This would put him in good condition to go back to work again. According to the story he was woods foreman and the best man the company had to handle the rear end of a log drive. If he is still living he probably can wind up his spree with an automobile ride, at this late day, which certainly would give him all the excitement with but ninety per cent of the danger.

"Inspiring hold John Barleycorn, what dangers thou canst make us scorn! W! tippenny, we fear nas evil; w! usquebae, we'll face the devil!"

In some respects it is a pity that some of our best men have to blow off steam periodically. They pay for their fun twice, before and after. The liquor that they drank is absolutely indigestible and after scourging the system is thrown off by offended nature.

Two passages from Paradise Lost:

"And when night Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

"When the scoufgo Inexorable, and the torturing hour Calls us to penance."

Generous Proportions.

The length of the nose of the statue of Liberty is four feet six inches. The distance across the eye is two feet six inches. The right arm, which holds the torch, is forty-two feet long.

# Opportunity Knocking

## AT YOUR DOOR

### Oklahoma

The grand new state just admitted to the Union. The richest state in the Union in all kinds of products. Teeming with vast opportunities so great and numerous that the immense capital now here cannot develop them. Nine million acres of land just thrown upon the market in Eastern Oklahoma.

### NATURAL RESOURCES OF Eastern Oklahoma

Climate moderate and delightful. Annual rainfall from 40 to 50 inches. Numerous small streams and abundance of water for all purposes. Unsurpassed agricultural, stock, fruit and garden lands. Largest oil and gas fields in the world. Thousands of acres underlaid with coal. Untold millions of wealth in lead, zinc, silica and other minerals undeveloped. Material and fuel for all kinds of factories unlimited and cheap.

### Vinita

The Gateway City. The Metropolis of Northeastern Oklahoma. Located on the crossing of the two great trunk lines—Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and the Saint Louis and San Francisco. Two more lines are now building, viz. Osage Western, and the Porter road. Surrounded by the great oil and gas fields and rich lead and zinc mines; unsurpassed agricultural and fruit lands; location of State Hospital for the insane, on which the state is now spending \$6,300,000; the home of artesian wells; best waterworks and fire protection in the state; sanitary and surface sewer system in all parts of the city; all streets and alleys in the business sections paved with concrete foundation and vitrified brick blocks; has many miles of cement curb and guttering, and nearly 100 miles of granitoid sidewalks. By virtue of her location and natural advantages, Vinita is destined to be the center of commerce and the home of wealth for all that part of Oklahoma known as the Cherokee Nation. No other city in Oklahoma has as good railroad advantages as Vinita; no other city in Oklahoma has as fine water as Vinita. With the locating of various factories, wholesale establishments, the construction of street car lines and interurban service, the completing of the state institutions and the developing of the now virgin country, Vinita will grow as if by magic, and the investor in city property that steps in at this time will rejoice in a harvest of many fold profit.

### Vinita Immigration Co.

The Vinita Immigration Company is organized and incorporated under the laws of Oklahoma, and is composed of leading promoters who are interested in developing Northeastern Oklahoma, and building Vinita, the Gateway city and pride of the Cherokee Nation, to one of the foremost cities of the great commonwealth. To do this requires time, people and capital. In the eastern states land and opportunities are mostly taken up, and the cities and country are congested with people.—Here the

### Gate of Opportunity.

swings wide open, and thousands of people are needed for all kinds of labor, mercantile enterprises and profession, and the wage earner can soon become a landlord, and the wide awake investor that takes time by the forelock need no longer dream of the land that flows with milk and honey, but put a few dollars into real estate and awake to see the fruition of his dream.

Thousands of wide-awake people in all parts of the United States have learned the value of Real Estate in a new and growing country, and the fabulous sums to be made on a small investment in the best cities. Many of these enterprising people have bought lots in Oklahoma towns at from \$40.00 to \$200.00 and in a short time sold them for \$1,000.00 to \$50,000.00. Some who have been so fortunate as to get property in the large cities have made even more.

Vinita is the Gateway City, metropolis, the railroad center, the coming Mecca, of the new part of Oklahoma known as the Cherokee Nation, and while advertising her natural resources through the East, Vinita Immigration Company will let you in on the ground floor.

Lots improved with fine shade trees, first-class cement sidewalks, sewers, city water and natural gas, for \$75 to \$200. Terms, \$10 down and \$5 per month, without interest, not over two lots to any one person.

Call and see us in front of the Postoffice, Arbogast Building, Marlinton, W. Va., or drop a card to A. J. Williams, President, Postoffice Box No. 102, Marlinton, W. Va., and give us your name and address, and one of our representatives will call and see you.

Free Maps of Oklahoma and literature in full by calling or writing.

Our Advertising Sale is now on in Marlinton and vicinity, and will last but a few days in this section of the State. Note our special terms and prices, and if you want to get in call at our office or write us at once.